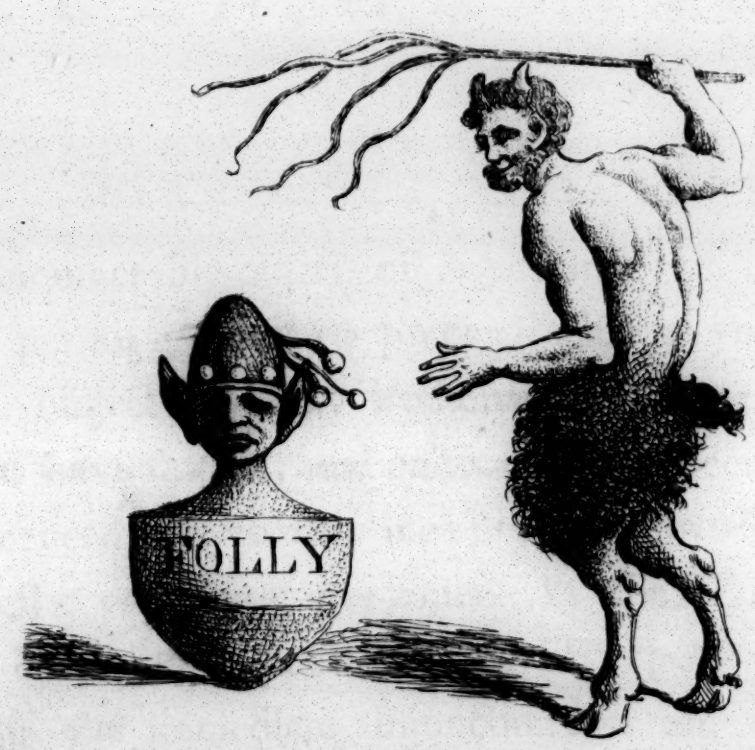
THE

CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

A

POEM.

By *ANTHONY PASQUIN*, Esq.



PART THE SECOND.

Plus apud me Ratio valebit, quam vulgi Opinio.

LONDON:

M DCC LXXXVII.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

TO

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

SIR,

AMID the innumerable objects of importance that must now engross your attention, permit me to lay a poetical trifle at your feet; I am perfectly aware that the subject is totally irrelative to those great points of information which you have studied, and cultivated with peculiar success.—The motives that influenced me to this measure were two:—first, because I was ambitious to offer you some amusement, by the effusions of an idle hour; and, secondly, by paying a public tribute of respect and veneration for your virtues, to fulfil the immediate injunctions of an excellent and valuable friend, now in the service of his country in India—a gentleman well acquainted with your administration in every stage; whose mind is intelligent and incorruptible, and whose approbation is co-equal to Honour; and though not altogether in possession of talents so brilliant and captivating as those of the EXEMPLARY Mr. SHERIDAN, is at least his compeer in the *immaterial* characteristics of INTEGRITY and COMMON HONESTY.—I should feel particular pain in reflecting upon your present situation, if I was not convinced that ARISTIDES and RUTILIUS felt equally with you the stings of dishonourable persecution; but after ages have completely rescued their memo-

ries from that odium, which the vices of the times had permitted an ungenerous faction but too ſucceſfully to eſtabliſh:—If this Poem ſhould be read by Futurity, they will find that one man at leaſt, in this degraded age, was ſufficiently grateful to celebrate your virtues; virtues which belong to the FIRST ORDER of human beings; and though they elevate you far above the common claſſes of Society, it is to be lamented that they cannot ſhield you entirely from the unwholeſome and contaminated gales of DETRACTION.

That you may be ſoon delivered from the oppreſſion of all your enemies, by the united voice of an indignant people, is the ardent prayer of him, who has the honour to ſubſcribe himſelf,

With great reſpect,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

INNER TEMPLE,
FEBRUARY 20th, 1787.

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN I firſt undertook to write this Poem, it was with a thorough Contempt for the Opinion of thoſe Perſons, who have arrogated to themſelves the high and mighty Title of Reviewers; and this Contempt originated from my having a perfect Acquaintance with the Vices and Weakneſſes of the Men.—I know them to be Blockheads of the firſt Magnitude, envious and ſtupid, cowardly and corruptible. When a Man deſtitute of Feeling is fit for no other Purpoſe in Society, he may make a tolerable Executioner; ſo a literary Dunce, when denied the Advantages of Genius, may make a reſpectable Reviewer: the Requiſites are Dulneſs and Malignity—the Ends, Profit and Diſhonour. Their Interference with the Productions of Men of Wit, is a Circumſtance of the higheſt Preſumption, and ſomewhat like the Conduct of unprincipled old Maids; for though they have not ſufficient Merit to win a Huſband for themſelves, they poſſeſs an adequate Portion of Ability to ſully the Virtues of thoſe who have; and equally praiſe or condemn the meritorious Lucubrations of a GIBBONS, *or the vulgar traſh of the egregious* PETER PINDAR. *One of theſe ſagacious Gentlemen has thought proper to attribute the* CHILDREN OF THESPIS *to Mr.* ANSTIE, *or Mr.* HAYLEY; *but in that Circumſtance he has not ſtrengthened either my Pride or my Pleaſure; thoſe Gentlemen may be faſhionable Rhymers, but are very far from being excellent Poets: their well-dreſt Productions, in the Shape of Poems, appear to me ſomewhat like an Ideot in Embroidery, gilt Gingerbread, or the Herald at Arms. A ſecond allows that the Poem has many brilliant Paſſages, but is not equal in point of dramatic Intelligence to the* ROSCIAD *of* CHURCHILL. *A third acknowledges that I ſhould make an admirable Satyriſt, if I would but purge the Poem of three Expletives in almoſt as many Thouſand Lines. A fourth, ſomewhat more ſore than his Confederates, reproves me for attacking private Characters too indiſcriminately.—I am not conſcious that I deſerve the charge.*

I ſhould be happy to regulate the Stage in regard to the preſent Uſage of dramatic Authors; but the Attempt is too gigantic for me to undertake, and throws even Poſſibility at a Diſtance.—A literary Dunce in a Theatre, like a Bawd in Covent-Garden, commands a particular Degree of Homage from the Principal, though the common Offices of Reſpect are denied

denied him by the reſt of the Community: hence our DIBDINS, O'KEEFES, *&c. are permitted to affright Common Senſe from her Propriety; and the Majeſty of Genius is thereby ſacrificed to the Caprice and Inſolence of thoſe ſcenic Deſpots, who proportion their Favours according to the Suggeſtions of their Vices, and encourage the Propagation of Dulneſs, from a Spirit of Veneration and Sympathy.*

The great Succeſs which attended the former Part of this Publication, rather aſtoniſhes me, when I reflect that "the Times are out of Joint," and all Mankind divided into Parties; every Thing is dedicated to that Purſuit, and the Servants of the Muſes wade in the polluted Stream: When an ill-written Abortion of the Brain makes its hideous Appearance to ſtrengthen the indirect Purpoſes of Government, or Oppoſition, a thouſand Animals are let looſe to yelp it into Reputation, although it would have paſſed diſregarded and deſpiſed, if unaided by ſuch meretricious Meaſures.—For my own Part, I ought to tremble for the Reputation and Safety of all my CHILDREN, *who publicly profeſs myſelf an Enemy to the very Idea of Party, and a determined Foe to all the Miſcreants adhering to either.—This Declaration, though perfectly honeſt, is ſomewhat raſh; for the Hoſt is too numerous to be treated with Contempt, even by——*A HERCULES.

To avoid the Imputation of Plagiariſm, I confeſs that I have borrowed ſome few Paſſages of the CHILDREN *of* THESPIS *from that juſtly celebrated Poem,* La Declamation Theatrale, *by* Dorat; *and, contrary to the eſtabliſhed Cuſtoms of Society, have thought it expedient to acknowledge myſelf a* THIEF, *for the Preſervation of——my* CHARACTER.

THE

CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

PART THE SECOND.

ENRAG'D and revil'd,
Old DOWAGER DRURY
Reflected and ſmil'd,
As ſhe fetter'd her fury.

Tho' anger'd and vex'd
By the NYMPH of the GARDEN,
She thought of her youth,
And extended her pardon:

Nor ſought by baſe taunts
To condemn or deride;
For her Wit and her Years
Had corrected her pride:

But feeling compaſſion,
Imbitter'd with woe,
Thus bade the ſweet ſtreams
Of experience flow:

Of old, when young ladies offended good manners,
Their peers left their elbows, the men fled their banners;
But, thanks to the impulſe of high-born refinement,
Each ſpinſter now laughs at the chains of confinement:
No parents are lab'ring by coercive meaſures
To faſhion the thought, or give laws to their pleaſures,
Hence daily the torments Propriety feels,
As tittering girls tread on Decency's heels.—
When I was a virgin, young, callow, and bland,
Then Wiſdom and Prudence were known in the land;
The girls of that æra were beauteous and good,
And drank no French wines to give warmth to their blood:
They knew not the magic that lurks 'neath a ſigh,
But trembled at folly, and bluſh'd at a lie;
Tho' men were more willing, and huſbands more plenty,
We thought not of love, 'till at leaſt five-and-twenty.
But now every minx, when ſhe gets in her teens,
Well knows what the myſtical union means,
Rejects the advice of her elders with ſcorn,
And loves and coquets ere her paſſions are born.

But a truce with reſentment, our failings we'll ſmother,
Nor kindle a flame to conſume but—each other;
You've ſung of my houſhold in terms of ſeverity;
But I pity your warmth, and excuſe your aſperity:
As our intereſts are mutual, we'll bury our rage,
And ſtrive to reſtore Common Senſe to the ſtage:
As the nymph has been baniſh'd by ſturdy Pollution,
Be it ours to raiſe a renown'd revolution.—

As the kings of the drama Apollo reviews,
He pities mankind, and he mourns for each muſe;
A laſcivious proſtitute governs the *firſt*,
And Faction and Fraud has *another* accurſt:

The black traits of Lunacy ſicken a *third*,
And Dotage and Dulneſs make *t'other* abſurd;
From ſuch an aſſemblage of vice and deformity,
Can aught be expected but ills and enormity?
Alas! that ſuch follies ſhould riot unchain'd,
Or ideots rule where a Titus has reign'd:
To ſhew their baſe ſplendor in Reaſon's deſpight,
And annoy human kind, they ruſh forth to the light;
Like the bird of Minerva at Sol's torrid rays,
'Till their ſenſe is oppreſs'd, and they wink at the blaze:
Thus Pride draws them on, as the ſcent leads the beagle,
And Scorn draws a line 'twixt the owl and the eagle.

F I Z G I G.

Contemptible, daſtardly, dirty and mean,
See FIZGIG, inflated, the lord of the ſcene;
Surrounded by Paraſites, Pimps and Privadoes,
He utters anathemas, damns and bravadoes;
As Modeſty lifts up her eyes and her hands,
And elegant Grace in aſtoniſhment ſtands:
Pertinacioufly wrong, and affectedly gay,
He ſpeaks to deceive, and but ſmiles to betray;
An Apoſtate to Luther's beſt faith and economy,
He ſmiles at the pages of old Deuteronomy:
Encumbers the ſeat of the Muſes with debt,
And ſhrugs and deſponds when he reads a Gazette.
To high-blooded fools gives his purſe and protection,
As Merit decays into want and dejection;
But ſcenting a whore, pants with ardour to win her,
And gives her his thouſands, while Wit wants—a DINNER:

Like

Like the Turk for new beauties this witling can barter,
And nibbles and feeds on the peace of his—MARTYR.
When he frowns, proſtrate heroes look up and revere,
And the nymphs of the Stage yield their perſons thro' fear;
To pleaſe his vile taſte ſport irregular arts,
And give all they have to the chief but—their hearts:
Thus Tartars with zeal, moſt infernally civil,
Throw crumbs from their feaſt as a bribe to the Devil.

From the womb up to manhood, led on by Obſcenity,
He equally execrates Truth and Virginity;
Like a bawd or a bailiff integrity hating,
His ſtomach turns ſick when Morality's prating.
Meretricioufly great in his puerile ſway,
Young Fraud and O'KEEFE light the dolt on his way;
Who brazen'd by Guilt, and like KIT the baſe tanner,
Brings ſhame and diſgrace on the governing banner;
Eludes the reſearches of Reaſon to find him,
And throws Retribution with horror behind him.—

Thus onward he wanders from error to error,
The dupe of a ſcoundrel, the victim of terror;
With the appetite left, but the bleſſing denied,
He'll gaſp like a fiſh left on ſhore by the tide;
'Till diſeas'd and abandon'd on life's ſlipp'ry brink,
The pangs of his heart ſhall COMPELL him to THINK:
Then joyleſs and fainting, of Folly bereft,
His thought ſhall deſtroy what his vices have left.

When FIZGIG weds Truth, or foregoes proſtitution,
Then NORFOLK's foul Duke ſhall be fond of ablution;
Expect, ſhould it happen, that inſtant to ſee,
Deception embracing TOM SKINNER and me:

Urbanity

Urbanity hailing his Grace of AUBIGNY,
And Genius illum'd with a ſhirt and a Guinea.

S * * * * * * *.

The Fates warr'd with Reaſon, when S******* ſprung,
Like a fungus erect from Hibernian dung;
When Pallas obey'd the beheſt of her ſire,
And touch'd his young brain with Athenian fire.
The Piërian maids led the youth in deſpite,
To the hill of Parnaſſus, and font of delight;
Where Phœbus his dogmas was wont to rehearſe,
And ſhew'd him the force and the beauties of verſe;
Fed his mind with large draughts from their tranſlucent ſpring,
And taught him the arts that made Sophocles ſing.

Tho' a one-headed Cerberus, he's deſtin'd by Fate,
To watch o'er the intereſts of drama and ſtate;
Now Policy, hideous witch, wakes her charms,
To woo the equivocal wight to her arms;
She veils the fine ſenſe of her retrogade ſuitor,
Deludes him with *ſhadows*, and points to the *future*:
Now the Muſe, like a whore, ſpreads her arts of ſeduction,
And urges poor DICK for a comic production:
Now he writes bitter anti-amicable hints,
For the Miniſter's good, in the ſcandalous prints;
Then fabricates odes for the dull and the ſtupid,
Then ſtrings pretty verſes for EMMA CREWE's Cupid.
And lives but a ſorrowful ſtandard at beſt,
To prove Genius a bubble, and Wiſdom a jeſt;
A cameleon ſtateſman, endued with ſtrange powers,
To ſeize every hue, and thoſe hues at all hours;

With talents that call'd human kind to admire,
With morals that ſlew the repoſe of his fire:
Deforming the features of antient belief,
He murder'd his faith to be true to his Chief;
And blotted eternity's bliſs from his creed,
To unfetter his language in moments of need;
Like an Epicæne animal form'd for deception,
His worth is an inſtance that ſtaggers perception.
What he is, or is not, is a point in diſpute,
Propoſe what you will, and 'tis BRINSLEY can do't.
So fit for all things, yet, alas! fit for none,
Continually doing, yet *always undone*.
So beckon'd by Hope, yet by Hope ſo oft cheated,
For *ever contending*, yet *ever defeated*;
By much too ſincere for a good politician,
Too eccentric to make a ſound Mathematician:
Too proud for attendance, too vain to beſeech,
Too poor to be happy, too candid to preach:
Thus he ſwims in a ſtrange indeterminate mean,
Neither hallow'd nor damn'd, but betwixt and between.
When Genius eſſays to effect his converſion,
Attachments obtrude, and defeat the exertion;
Though Satire has arm'd him to regulate men,
Young Gratitude draws all the ink from his pen:
If to lacerate Folly, he wings the keen dart,
It wounds his *beſt friend* in the core of his heart.
If levelling at Vice he his archery tries,
By the arrow transfix'd, an *ex-miniſter* dies;—
But if Credit ſhould frown, as the minx ſometimes will,
When Varlets forget the amount of a bill;
His godmother Pleaſantry ſhew'd the young ſinner
The art to make ſure of his claret and dinner.

She taught him ſoft nothings, attractive though ſilly,
To amuſe the kind hoſteſs of gay Piccadilly;
To humour his Grace with a jeſt or a ſtory,
Andp aint the contour of a WHIG and a TORY.

When he viſited Fortune, the wench moſt uncivil,
Sent him and his ſuite to CHARLES FOX or the DEVIL:
He wept, he beſeech'd, he bemoan'd, he lament'd,
'Till chill'd by her mien left the houſe diſcontented.
Then, what could he do, though preſuming and clever,
As the firm of that houſe are made bankrupts for—ever?
E'en the children of Iſrael weep with their woe,
And ſhrug if you mention—VOLPONE and Co.
Thus DICK is oppreſs'd in his efforts to court her,
For the nymph ſhuts her gates, and he can't bribe the porter.

'Tis ſaid that ſhe once lov'd the indirect youth,
Ere evil aſſociates had led him from Truth;
She ſaw him deluded, and pitied his blindneſs,
And woo'd him with ſmiles, and embrac'd him with kindneſs;
But he like a dolt with her quiet diſported,
Abus'd her remonſtrance, and ſcoff'd when ſhe courted;
'Till ſtung and enrag'd, hapleſs, mad and forlorn,
The dignified wench felt the preſſure of ſcorn,
And imbibing that hatred the Dramatiſt taught her,
Conſign'd the proud fool to the care of her daughter:
For as ladies forgive not contemptuous ſlights,
She frowns on his toils, if he ſpeaks or indites;
Pre-damns all his eſſays in verſe and in proſe,
And yields him a victim to mercileſs foes.—

The Demon of guilt ſaw his weakneſs with rapture,
And open'd her volumes, and ſhew'd the firſt chapter;

He read and approv'd what the proſtitute taught,
'Till the harpy aſſum'd all the compaſs of thought;
When doubts roſe to combat a folly new born,
Expedience chas'd them like dews from the morn;
And leagu'd with Neceſſity's hideous train,
Explor'd a wide paſſage which led to his brain,
There the Fiend threw the governing habits upon her,
And Meanneſs crept in, and polluted his honour.

Created to live in Society's ſchool,
As the mark of perfection, and bane of a fool,
It mads me to ſee ſo much genius and merit
Metaphors'd by Pride to a PETULANT FERRET,
Which CHARLES drags about with a SINISTER CHAIN,
To drive the POLITICAL RATS from the GRAIN.

The ſceptre of Drury has known many maſters,
Like the throne of Warſaw, it ſeems fraught with diſaſters;
In all points of government weak and defective;
But that realm muſt decay where the crown is elective;
When the BUFFOS of Stateſmen, and ſuch couchant things,
By fraud and manœuvre can riſe tragic kings;
When brainleſs MUSICIANS can figure in ſtory,
And like DAVID RIZZIO debaſe regal glory.

L A C Y.

Behold wretched LACY, the ſport of his foes,
Depreſs'd by his thought, and ſurrounded with woes:
See he fondly returns to indulge the laſt view
Of his father's domains, ere he bids them adieu;
Thus STUART deplor'd his extreme degradation,
And pin'd with the weakneſs that loſt him a nation—

With

With an excellent heart, and a credulous head,
The man is affectionate, kind, and well-bred;
But the ſource that gave ſtrength to that kindneſs is o'er,
And the joys of his heart and his head are no more.
The ſlow worm of Sorrow corrodes on the firſt,
And the ſting of reflection the latter has curſt.
If queſtion'd the cauſe of his woes and decay,
'Tis anſwer'd, Such ills mark the courſe of each day.
UNPRINCIPLED VARLETS, unbleſs'd with a guinea,
Have *ſeiz'd* on his rent-roll, and *laugh* at the ninny;
But Deſtiny's womb ſtrange events diſembogues,
And FIDLERS and WITS may be—eminent rogues.

But the World is a lott'ry that Wiſdom deſpiſes,
Where ideots and raſcals alone draw the prizes;
Where titles and pomp are decreed but to boobies,
And MIDDLETON bends with the weight of her rubies.
Go ſearch after Virtue, you'll find how they ſcorn her;
Deſpis'd, and half famiſh'd, ſhe mourns in a corner:
As BORGHIS and MARAS are gathering pelf,
And ABEL remains unexplor'd on the ſhelf;
Tho' his merit by Wit has long ſince been decided,
His harp ſleeps unſtrung, and Apollo's derided—
But Reaſon's deceas'd when ſuch animals thrive,
For ſuch acts could not be, if the maid was alive.
See DANCE in a phrenzy thoſe records deſtroy,
Which eſtabliſh'd his honour, his worth, and his joy.
'Twas his *works*, not his *tongue*, caught the high-mettl'd dame,
Who gave him her fortune, and murder'd his fame.
If he imitates Virgil, his brains are unwitted;
If Pride mads his Judgment, the fool muſt be pitied.

MRS. ABINGTON.

Led on by Thalia, with dignified mien,
Behold ſportive Faſhion's ſuperlative queen;
Illuſtrious ABINGTON ſtampt at her birth
The touchſtone of ſplendor, and daughter of Mirth;
A barrier which Elegance rais'd in our days,
To ſtop the wild progreſs of barbarous ways;
Like the Belgian dykes all their force to withſtand,
And ſhut out their ruinous ſtreams from the land.
Ere Taſte can eſtabliſh her motley dominion,
She reſorts to gay FRANCES to know her opinion,
And ſupplicates ABINGTON every ſeaſon,
For her ſmiles as a paſſport to viſit our reaſon.
Like a pine tall and ſtraight ſhe approaches the ſkies,
But her height awakes Envy to queſtion her ſize,
And ſubjects her form to each poiſonous gale
Which eſcapes the low brambles that creep in the vale.

That bard's doubly bleſt in Elyſium's gay bowers,
Whoſe wit-woven ſcenes are illum'd by her powers;
There CONGREVE beholds, proud, elate, and delighted,
New graces beyond what his pen has indited:
Then his wit, like ſome knives in the Birmingham trade,
Is valued much more for the handle than blade;
And her ſyſtem of ſenſe, makes ſo pleaſing a whole,
That her mind ſeems divine, and her body all ſoul.
In arch ESTIFANIA, ſublim'd and refin'd,
She moves and attempers the ſprings of the mind,
Gives new point to the jeſt, as it flies on the wing,
Adds force to its vigour, and ſharpens its ſting;
With a veil of deluſion conceals her ſad caſe,
And gulls her good man with an excellent grace.

She ſpreads comic ſalt o'er her moods and her tenſes,
Which, like ſpices in ſoup hide the meat from our ſenſes;
But our lips hail with rapture ſuch pleaſant expedients,
And ſmack and re-ſmack with the zeſt of ingredients.
In prating *Soubrettes* ſhe defies competition;
In the broad paths of faſhion adds eaſe to condition.
From the gay well-bred CHARLOTTE, in Cibber's light page,
To the pert ROXALANA that gladdens the ſtage;
From the high-ſeaſon'd ſlices of BEAUMONT's ſirloin,
To the witleſs *bon mots* of the ſtudious BURGOYNE.
When ſhe ſinks into PHILLIS, her high poliſh'd mind
Seems crampt and coerc'd, debas'd, and confin'd:
Like a valuable pearl in the womb of an oyſter,
Or MADAME VICTOIRE in the cells of a cloiſter;
Or ALFRED when eating his ſoup with a hind,
Contracting the ſcale of his patriot mind,
To hide from the peaſant his cares and his croſſes;
Or thundering JOVE when the gueſt of poor BAUCIS:
Or APOLLO when ſcoff'd by the baſe-born DAMÆTAS,
Or the pimp of the ſkies, when the herd of ADMETUS;
Or Imperial JOSEPH when ſearching for knowledge,
Made mankind his books, the Creation his college:
And mounting his eagle explor'd the wide fields,
Where the prieſt-ridden bigot his ſophiſtry yields;
And gathering joys made BOHEMIA ſing,
That the rays of the man, dim'd the beams of the king.

Like St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, appears this bright woman,
The aſpect is plain, but the ſtructure's uncommon;
Tho' the traits of a rude ſimple ſkill on its face is,
Examine the pile, and you'll find out new graces:
But the elegant INIGO gewgaws deſpis'd,
And the temple, tho' plain, is but greatneſs diſguis'd.

She gracefully trips on Propriety's toe,
And walks, talks, and triumphs at will *comme il faut*;
The boſom of Feeling with truth ſhe impreſſes,
And ſteals all our ſenſes; but, ſtealing them, bleſſes.
The vigils of Falſhood, and all her baſe train,
Have fail'd to embitter her moments with pain;
Array'd with the armour of Peace round her heart,
She ſmiles at Contumely's venomous dart;
Shakes the habits of Hatred with ſcorn from her mind,
And like Taurus' high forehead looks down on mankind.
What was worthleſs before, ſhe makes brilliant and gay,
Like a Lincolnſhire fen on a ſunſhiny day;
Or IERNE's Vice-queen in an *Eblanian Noddy*,
Or apparel that graces a villanous body;
I mean not an ideot unmeaning and tawdry,
But a Jew, or a ſtrumpet in ſilks or embroid'ry.

Her face like the Vatican, gaudy and gay,
Seems faſhion'd by Art to lead Judgment aſtray;
Where warm Admiration rejects the *fine building*,
And turns to contemplate the *painting* and *gilding*.
With the eye of my mind I behold angry men,
Who frown at this licence I give to my pen;
" Shall a ſcribbler compare," roars an ill-manner'd ſage,
" The Prince of deſign with a minx of the ſtage?
" Has Dignity loſt all her influence on earth,
" Shall the high race of Genius be tortur'd by mirth!"—
Reſt in peace, my good friend, for I ſtill am victorious,
If RAPHAEL was beatified, ABINGTON's glorious;
Still the parity's good with the youth of Urbino,
Tho' her lips are but mortal, her eyes are—*divino*.

Like a wond'rous magician ſhe ſports with our being,
And turns into doubt e'en the act that we're ſeeing;
With poignant impertinence marks her whole face,
And ſays brilliant nothings with infinite grace;
As her comely *proboſcis* enforces the ſtrain,
And illuſtrates the tenets of lofty Diſdain.

Irreſiſtible Fate, to her character kind,
But ſteals from her dimples—to add to her mind;
If her beauties recede, yet ſhall Envy confeſs,
That to add to the greater he takes from the leſs:
So governing Jove calls the ſtreams into motion,
And empties the river, to ſtrengthen the ocean:
Like NINON DE L'ENCLOS, the elegant dame,
Can charm human-kind by her wit or her frame;
She gracefully parries the evils of Time,
And the older ſhe grows, is the more in her prime;
For Merit ſhall court her, and Foplings implore,
When her ringlets are ting'd with the dyes of threeſcore.

MR. MACKLIN.

Revere ſturdy MACKLIN, the dramatic ſire,
For nor age nor diſeaſe can extinguiſh his fire;
Like an evergreen ſent, as a rare vernal treaſure,
Tho' he blooms all the year, all the year gives us pleaſure,
Innately convinc'd of his ſtrength and capacity,
Like a giant mid pigmies, he cruſhes Audacity;
For pigmies in knowledge this Neſtor will deem us,
And roars and corrects like a ſtage Polyphemus;
Tells the younglings how ROSCIUS excell'd but by rule,
Chalks the outlines of Truth, and defends the old School,

When MACKLIN was form'd, the Almighty intended,
Human-clay with empyreal air ſhould be blended;
Diſportive he laughs at the toils of the day,
And doubts if our ſenſes were made to decay:
See rejuvenated and blythſome he ſtands,
With the drama, as God held the ſeas in his hands;
If Envy could wield th' artillery of Fate,
He'd ſtill be triumphant, and dare to be great.
Surrounded by ſhrubs on the theatric bed,
The veteran raiſes his laurel-bound head;
Like the oak of the foreſt, he lifts his ſtern form,
With the brow of a monarch, and ſmiles at the ſtorm;
Unriv'd by the thunder of Malice or Meanneſs,
He ſtill is majeſtic, tho' robb'd of his greenneſs;
And wounded by many a critical ſcar,
Like the tempeſt-torn hulk of an old Man of War.

With ſingular faculties bleſt and endued,
The intereſts of Honour he mark'd and purſued;
For Fate to his wiſhes indulgently kind,
Infus'd an additional beam in his mind;
Made his ideas vaſt, comprehenſive and clear,
His manners auguſt, and his language ſincere;
He foſter'd his aims with particular pride,
As ductile Philoſophy walk'd by his ſide;
The elegant Sciences marſhall'd his rage,
And Wit and Vivacity brighten'd his page.
Like brilliant SAINT EVREMOND, lively and gay,
He laughs as the ſtreams of his life flow away;
Illuſtrates our worth in a being well ſpent,
And, ſearching for Truth, gathers bliſs and content;

In the niches of ſecond Adoleſcence plac'd,
By the finger of Heaven his ſyſtem's new brac'd;
And well h'as fulfill'd the intent of the plan,
Who was meant by his God as—the type of a man.—
In blood-thirſty SHYLOCK, ſublimely infernal,
He bares ghaſtly Vice, and expoſes the kernel;
And ſo well clears the text of the moraliſt's pen,
That the head aſks the heart if ſuch villains are men:
So perfect the Actor can damn and diſſemble,
Could SHAKESPEARE behold him, e'en SHAKESPEARE would tremble.
Like the Eddyſtone pillar, his excellence braves
The rude daſhing foam of the critical waves;
Uprais'd on a rock for the general good,
To guide the weak bark thro' the dangerous flood;
As his head firm and giddileſs keeps its high ſtation,
Emitting new lights on the ſtage navigation.

Ere he means to reſign him to Death's aweful ſleep,
In the year eighteen hundred he'll firſt take a peep;
To prune each excreſcence of Vice from the nation,
And fix the purſuits of a young generation;
Introduce them to Fame, ſhew the falſe from the true,
And then to the World and its jars bid adieu.

Superior to cenſure the veteran wrote;
But Cenſors are things that but cavil and quote;
They torture the truth like the eſſays of BEATTIE,
Or Stateſmen defining the Methuen treaty;
Or ſcandalous GRAHAM's fallacious deductions,
Or pitiful GORDON's erroneous conſtructions:
Hence SHAKESPEARE is mangl'd by weak commentators,
Who gore his fine form like abſurd nomenclators;

Affix to each page a dull marginal note,
And expound on a text that the bard—never wrote.
But Pride governs all; in their various ways,
'Tis the prejudice ſpeaks, and the prejudice ſways:
Men argue and write, as French cooks make their diſhes,
And blend fact with falſhood to compaſs their wiſhes.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

In the caves of Neglect ſee poor CRAWFORD retir'd,
To end a frail being abridg'd and bemir'd;
Lo! her time-whiten'd head is diſrob'd of thoſe bays
That ſolac'd and warm'd her in happier days;
See the violets droop that once ſweeten'd the air,
And the yews mark the place as the den of Deſpair;
For briars and thorns every avenue cloſes,
That Nature once dreſs'd with her myrtles and roſes.
Say, what was the cauſe that, deſtroying her powers,
Made life's chilly evening imbitter her hours?
'Twas vicious deſires gave birth to her pains,
They govern'd the Woman, and liv'd in her veins;
Betray'd her to Sorrow and fell Deſperation,
And ſhook like an earthquake her high reputation.
To tell what ſhe *was*, but offends recollection,
To tell what ſhe *is*, gives a wound to affection.
Even Hiſtory ſhrinks when decreed to portray
The laſt hapleſs moments when SWIFT met decay;
Tho' both thoſe examples have triumph'd and been,
Their end proves we periſh by Fate and by Sin:—
By the force of free-agency CRAWFORD has pin'd,
And the preſſure of Wit cut off SWIFT from mankind;

Tho'

Tho' both have been tortur'd by Miſery's rod,
The *firſt* ſunk by Folly, the *laſt* by his God.

In the whirlwind of Paſſion, tho' furious and warm,
The force of her judgment gave laws to the ſtorm;
She rov'd the dominions of human ability,
But ſtopt on the verge ere ſhe paſs'd poſſibility:
In piteous EUPHRASIA ſhe iſſued her moan,
'Till Melpomene trembled, and wept on her throne;
Commanded the ſuite of Deſpair in her face,
And murder'd the tyrant with terrible Grace;
Tho' SIDDONS' high majeſty knew not her mind,
Her action was excellent, juſt and refin'd;
With the numbers of OTWAY extorted our groans,
And wonderful Harmony breath'd in her tones;
The SIDDONS convuls'd with the cauſe of her ſadneſs,
Made the plaints of the heroine border on madneſs;
And ſummon'd Amazement in each ſtudied ſtart,
But CRAWFORD effectually wounded the heart:
The *firſt* knock'd its centinels down by ſurpriſe,
The *laſt* gain'd admittance by—pathos and ſighs;
And play'd 'till the tremors encreas'd in gradation,
And the frame was an organ of tender vibration;
All the pulſes accorded with cold unanimity,
And the nerves carried woe to the finger's extremity.

This nymph never learnt, by cold Policy bound,
To meaſure her periods, and weigh ev'ry ſound;
But diſdaining the aids of an artful pretence,
Gave Nature the rein, and a looſe to her ſenſe;
The meand'rings where ſubtilty toils after woe,
And the deep from whence claſſical rivulets flow;

She left for thoſe daughters of Judgment to ſtem,
Who for Genius ſubſtitute ſuſtian and phlegm.
Energetic and dignified, beauteous and charming,
Impreſſive, impaſſion'd, or chilling, or warming:
The grave PENSEROSO bent low to adore her,
And LOVE and ALLEGRO with joy danc'd before her.

Alas! that ſuch excellence thus ſhould be tainted,
Or Vice and Humanity e'er be acquainted:
In a moment when Vehemence fir'd her age,
An unprincipl'd ideot tickled her rage;
Like Eve, warm and panting, ſhe met the temptation,
And laughing reſign'd all her hopes of ſalvation.
To be perfect perhaps Heaven did not deſign us,
Then let her indulge the *furor uterinus*.
Weak mortals have hurried their beings to duſt,
By the hunger of pride and the hunger of luſt:
The ſtars of a STRATHMORE conſign'd her to BOWES;
And PIGOT and BUCKINGHAM fell by their foes;
Gaunt LYTTLETON wept o'er his maſſacred name,
Then ſtole to the tomb to eſcape from his ſhame;
And beauteous CARMARTHEN from peace could depart,
To ſport with a villain who canker'd her heart.

Turn your fancy to SCOTIA, where rigorous ſnows,
Envelope her rocks, and ſtern Eolus blows;
There view lovely BADDELEY ſtretch'd on her bier,
Whoſe pallid remains claim the kindred tear:
Emaciate and ſqualid her body is laid,
Her limbs lacking ſhelter, her muſcles decay'd.
An eminent inſtance of feminine terror,
A public example to keep us from error:

Voluptuous

Voluptuous Bacchantes have wept round her pillow,
And ſtrew'd her cold temples with cypreſs and willow;
The train of Euphroſyne ran from their bowers,
And ſmooth'd the green turf, and bewail'd her laſt hours;
See Pan with his rugged libidinous throng,
Bring their reeds to awaken a requiem ſong:
By Sorrow and Sympathy led and impreſt,
Endeavour to charm her loſt ſpirit to reſt;
'Till their lays fright the tenants that gladden the ſky,
And the vales of Arcadia in murmurs reply.—

What a leſſon is this for the beauteous and vain!
What a beacon to light the abyſſes of pain!—
Can thoſe be the eyes that once ſparkled with fire,
Which Splendor might envy, and Monarchs admire?
Ere the Nymph of her virginal zone was diſarm'd,
She look'd and enraptur'd, ſhe ſpoke, and ſhe charm'd;
Unmoan'd by the Worthy, ſhe ſhudder'd and died,
And the worms loath a frame for which Majeſty ſigh'd:
For thoſe atoms offend our too dainty condition,
That were wont to enſlave the proud ſoul of Ambition.
What magic ſubdu'd ſo high modell'd a frame?
What Fiend gave her heart to the hunger of Shame?
'Twas inſatiate Luſt wore the nymph by degrees,
And left her laſt moments to Want and Diſeaſe.—
Be kind to her frailties. ſweet Penitence cries;
Reflect on her woes, Meditation replies;
Be juſt, ſays Religion, your ſentiments dealing,
As Cherubs inweave the beheſt with our feeling.
—Oh Paſſion! that ever to weakneſs inclines,
Thou exquiſite tyrant, that damns our deſigns;
Say, why ſhould you ſhut us from Fear and Contrition,
Or lead ſuch frail beings from Peace to Perdition?

Can the conqueſt be envied as hallow'd or glorious,
When angels deplore that the ſenſe is victorious!
Ah me! can this world have a charm for the will,
To juſtify Guilt in an action of ill?
Should a ſtate ſo reſtricted, unbleſt and uneven,
Impel us to combat the canons of Heaven?
Tho' cherub-fac'd Vice hides a moral infernal,
Her joys are but tranſient, her ſtings are eternal.

But when ſhall we ſee female prudence have birth,
To ſet ſuch a price as they ought on their worth?
When BAMBER GASCOYNE eats a hare without ſtuffing,
Or PINDAR and PRATT write a treatiſe 'gainſt PUFFING?
When GORDON'S fatigu'd with ſedition-fraught clamour,
And ſimpering CHRISTIE pollutes his white hammer:
When AUGUSTUS reſigns all his DOUBTS and SUPPOSES,
And ROMNEY forgets how to ſquare—human noſes:
When BROCKLESBY'S language becomes inſincere,
Or he cheats human woe of his PURSE and a TEAR;
When ARDEN and MAWBEY ſhall ceaſe to be ſtupid,
Or the PRINCE and his RIB rob the altars of Cupid.

HOLMAN.

Poſſeſſing a clear and a capable head,
With the mien of a gentleman, gay and well bred;
Se HOLMAN quit Science, who calls *Veni, Domine,*
To embrace with young vigour the charms of Melpomene.
From the fam'd banks of Iſis this *eleve* has ſtray'd,
To pay his devoirs to the tragical maid;
To forego the dull page of the claſſical ſchools,
And enliſt in the Drama, and bend to its rules;

Though

Though ſapient Philoſophy thrice call'd his name,
He ſhut up his ears, and walk'd onward to Fame;
The deeds of romance fill'd a niche in his brain,
And Heſiod and Eſchylus pleaded in vain:
Theology wept o'er his youthful endeavour,
As he left her ador'd *Alma Mater* for ever.
When Worth call'd him forth to the paths of contrition,
He experienc'd the joys and the ills of Ambition;
The phantoms of HONOUR crept round to ſeduce him,
The offspring of ENVY to cruſh and traduce him:
To the FIRST all the fire of youth gave the rein,
To the LAST all the traits of the man ſpoke diſdain.

Would he ſeek for the avenues leading to Glory,
That his name might irradiate a theatric ſtory;
He ſhould walk in the path of judicious gradation,
Arranging his paſſion in ſubordination:
But the toil will be great, as his genius is ſuch,
That impels him to give, or too little, or much;
'Tis ſhackled by obſtacles, monſtrous, tho' bold,
Intolerant heat, and unnatural cold:
Bid him ſeek gentle Nature, unravel her ſchemes,
For the path of Propriety ſevers extremes:
She is young, gay, and beautiful, conſtant, and kind,
Bid him liſt to her lays, and illumine his mind:
No ſchiſmatic dogmas will fall from her tongue,
Impotently grave, or vindictively wrong.
The eloquent leſſons that Nature will ſing,
Refreſh like the Zephyrs, and glad like the Spring.——
When GARRICK firſt honour'd old Albion's ſtage,
To dignify mirth, and give reaſon to rage;
He ſought for the nymph, in her ſacred cell,
To marſhall his thought, and be bound by her ſpell:

There he ſtole like young Troilus every night,
And ravag'd her treaſures, and fed on delight;
He utter'd his plaints at her roſeate throne,
'Till he melted the nymph, and his woes were her own:
She liſten'd, ſhe lov'd him; for GARRICK knew flatt'ry,
What heart could withſtand ſo reſiſtleſs a battery?
He ſooth'd her to love, tho' his prayers were but common,
For Nature, tho' wiſe, is alas! but—a woman.
His words flow too quick to adminiſter pleaſure,
In adagio time, and precipitate meaſure:
Like a torrent that ruſhes adown a ſteep hill,
'Till the breath is no longer obedient to ſkill;
Now it thunders, then roars, as it daſhes the ſtones,
Then recedes from the ear, and we loſe half its tones
By degrees, 'till the ſprings of its violence fail,
And its murmurs decay, and it dies in the vale.

The good-natur'd critic, with pain, takes offence,
When his natural warmth mars his natural ſenſe;
But the ſword eats the ſcabbard—'tis fairly preſum'd,
That the ſeeds of his Judgment by heat are conſum'd;
But Time an amendment will work by his rigour,
And temper the force of this overſtrain'd vigour;
But the fault is a good one, though yet 'tis a fault,
That leads him on Reaſon to make an aſſault.
For a juvenile Actor, whoſe method's too tame,
Will ſcarce ever mount to the regions of Fame;
In the humaniz'd ſyſtem e'en caſuiſts confeſs,
That a fire is harder to raiſe than ſuppreſs.
'Tis his to correct the ill humours of Pride,
And bid all the channels of weakneſs ſubſide;
As Virtue's chief minion, to honour her cauſe,
Enforce her beheſt, and promulgate her laws:

If a baſe-minded miſcreant raiſes his creſt,
Let the arrows of Wit, ſhake the guilt in his breaſt;
In a brilliant *bon mot* keep the force of its ſting,
Seize the moment he ought, and ſhoot Vice on the wing.
It pains me to hear a vile animal quote,
Some poignant expreſſion that SHAKESPEARE has wrote;
And deliver the text with as formal an air,
As the dull drawling tone of a methodiſt prayer:
While Folly attends to the vapid oration,
And Madneſs miſtakes for an apt inſpiration.—
There are who THALIA's beſt heroes engage,
Whoſe villanous efforts but ſully the ſtage;
With arrogant minds, in preſumption o'er-weening,
Rant, laugh, dance, and ſing, without—merit or meaning.
But Nature alone is a faithful preceptor,
See the nymph wooes him fondly, then bid him accept her:
Who wiſhes for excellence, muſt be her ſuitor,
He'll ne'er win the prize, if the minx remains neuter:
Let the canons ſhe taught, for the progreſs of art,
Be wrote on the tablet that's plac'd in his heart:
She holds up the Stagyrite, Terence, and Plautus,
To regulate errors that Cuſtom has brought us.
This youth ſhould ſet bounds to his tragic deſcanting,
Which ſometimes approaches the precincts of ranting:
In gentlemen juniors, adjuſt his proud walk,
And abandon the ſtare and Titanian ſtalk.
That action which Nature involves in her plan,
When dignified LEON's aſſuming the man,
Would be awkward and ſtiff in LOTHARIO the rover,
Or volatile BELMONT, or ROMEO the lover.
A part over-ſtrain'd, damns the aims of Expreſſion,
And gives much offence to Delight and Diſcretion:

Erecting

Erecting the body, and bridling the head
In all ſituations, is vile and ill-bred;
And can anſwer no purpoſe of excellent birth,
Or add to the force of his dramatic worth:
'Tis torturing the *vertebræ* bone of his back,
'Till the joints creak with pain, and integuments crack.
But bid him be cautious of too much repentance,
Nor do aught beyond what's preſcrib'd by this ſentence;
Nor ſink in the ſtrife to do right with avidity,
From the heights of young rage—to the vale of torpidity;
Like KEMBLE with claſſical trifles affected,
Who fine-draws a point 'till the ſenſe is biſected.

I would guide him to Truth, but the maid is deſtroy'd,
And but few mourn her fate, who ſo many annoy'd;
The meek abject nymph was by myriads aſſail'd,
And wounded ſhe droop'd, undeplor'd, and unwail'd:
Reſign'd to high Heaven, ſhe gave up her breath,
And fell, like Rome's Cæſar—illuſtrious in death.

MISS WILKINSON.

With grace ſee young WILKINSON put in her claim,
Tho' chill'd by cold doubts for the honours of Fame;
In the rays of her virgin timidity baſking,
Her heart ſeems to fear what her wiſhes are aſking:
When ſhe warbles her ſonnets with rapture and ſkill,
'Tis an inſtance where Nature has triumph'd o'er will.
The force of applauſe has awaken'd that merit,
Which long lay entranc'd by a timorous ſpirit:
She ſaw at a diſtance the ſtage, and its terrors,
She felt, and acknowledg'd, the ſtrength of her errors.

To impudent habits a foe and a ſtranger,
The eye of Conception had magnified danger.
Her colloquy juſtifies Wiſdom's defence,
Her notes gently ſteal on the fetter-bound ſenſe;
To glad and improve like the ſoft ſouthern breeze,
When he fans the rich vallies, and ſports 'mid the trees:
By magic like this, mirthful wonders are wrought,
And ivy-bound Joy is made pregnant by Thought;
Who laughs 'mid her labours, at Anguiſh with ſcorn,
And the briſk panting Heart feeds the brood that are born;
'Till the young are matur'd, who lacking hard treaſure,
Repay the vaſt debt by a draught upon Pleaſure.

May no rude blaſts of Cenſure ſuppreſs her meek toil,
And wither the plant as it peeps from the ſoil;
When the genus is tender, and flow'ret is rare,
The well-ſkill'd Conductor redoubles his care;
Protects it when Boreas wings a rude gale,
But leaves it to Fate when the Zephyrs prevail.
Whoe'er takes the judgment-ſeat, certainly ought
To weigh his opinion, and meaſure his thought;
His mind ſhould be chain'd as the ſlave of Reflection,
To throw down the guantlet, and challenge Detection;
But, alas! no ſuch generous motive appears,
For Candour, ſurveying their pages, ſheds tears:
'Mid Judges and Writers, we've KENYONS and FINNIES,
For the Bench, like the Preſs, is encumber'd with ninnies:
I except honour'd LOUGHBOROUGH, aweful and wiſe,
The terror of Guilt, and the ruin of lies:
Severe yet benevolent, copious yet clear,
His comments on ſtrife charm the heart and the ear;
The liberal Virtues obey his command,
As he ſmoothes the rough front of the laws of the land.

Beneficent Mercy corrects the rude plea,
And he ponders on God as he gives a decree:
When Equity ſighs, with a paſſion ſincere,
His mind feels her plaint, and his eye yields a tear;
But ſometimes lamenting the law's ſable letter,
Admits poliſh'd villains poor Virtue to fetter;
Supremely endued to exterminate knavery,
With immutable bands holds the monſters in ſlavery;
Steps aſide from thoſe paths which to cuſtom belong,
And to do *a great right*, does—*a laudable wrong*.

MR. POPE.

In the African Captive, ſee POPE wake ſurprize,
And call Pity's tears into feminine eyes;
When poor ORONOOKO is goaded by foes,
The player outrageouſly pictures his woes:
Tho' his perſon is faſhion'd, and prun'd by Perfection,
His weakneſs inceſſantly meets our detection;
With a fine rounded voice, full of Melody's tones,
He waſtes half its compaſs in ſighs and in groans;
And thinks 'cauſe the buſkin he's ta'en into keeping,
His duty directs he ſhould always be weeping.
—When the tear of a man, from his eye-lids will ſtart,
It ſhould ſeem like a tribute that's wrung from the heart;
As an offering that's paid to the cauſe of a crime,
To woe that's unmeaſur'd, and grief that's ſublime:
But if they're call'd forth on each trivial occaſion,
Their worth is no more, and they loſe their perſuaſion;
Then Ridicule laughs, at the tears as they roll,
To tell us the man has—a half-finiſh'd ſoul;

With a dropſical brain, which his fancy diſpenſes,
To drown his perception, his reaſon, and ſenſes;
That makes his high judgment for ever caught napping,
And which ne'er can have eaſe but by conſtantly tapping.

Tho' his ſtrong underſtanding is bleſt with profundity,
His face mars its force by a ſtupid rotundity;
It was form'd to accompliſh leſs amiable uſes,
And wins, by a ſmile, every maid—but the Muſes;
Too faſtuous for exquiſite paſſion's digreſſion,
Too fair for a hero, too round for expreſſion;
Like a beggar at law, whom no barriſter bleſſes,
His mind lacks an agent to plead its diſtreſſes;
All his muſcles rebel 'gainſt judicious controul,
And his face gives the lie to a ſenſible ſoul.
His fears to do leſs than enough, never quit him,
His cloaths in the gentleman, ne'er ſeem to fit him:
With rant he too often diſguſts the beholders,
And offends by continually writhing his ſhoulders.

He has gain'd, as a fence 'gainſt the ſorrows of life,
An excellent friend in an elegant wife;
By YOUNG's ſober *Night Thoughts*, he perfects each plan,
As ſhe re-peruſes his—*Eſſay on Man:*
Thus jocund, they dignify Hymen's ſweet rites,
And the works of each other, each other delights:
But ſhe oft gives his follies a well-manner'd check,
And holds him from ill, with a chain round his neck:
Thus he's kept in a cage, as Dame FITZ keeps her ſquirrels,
And by wedlock's improv'd—like the BLOOD of the BURRELLS.

His worth is reflected, like planets that run,
Emblazon'd and bright, round the rings of the ſun;

Or the chaſte HESTER THRALE, when ſublim'd by PIOZZI,
Or BUNBURY dreſt by that drudge BARTOLOZZI,
Who leaves the broad paths of immortal renown,
To imitate chalk, for an ill-judging town;
While Hiſtory ſighs, that a man thus high-gifted,
Should grow on the threſhold of death ſo bethrifted;
To prefer the baſe mountains of ſordid-got pence,
To the plaudits of nations, and echo of Senſe;
To lend ev'ry driveller his ſignet and name,
For a bribe to his MEANNESS, and wound to his FAME.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

Behold a blythe Syren, high priz'd and high finiſh'd!
Fall back, ye meek ſongſters, abaſh'd and diminiſh'd;
'Tis BILLINGTON comes, public praiſe to implore,
Whom Hatred purſues, and the Muſes adore!
Receive her with homage, ye ſlaves of Apollo,
As Deſtiny ſent her, for Merit to follow;
To command ſuppliant throngs, like the tyrant of Delhi,
And a ſecond edition of weak GABRIELLI:
With Beauty's ſoft blandiſhments arm'd to delight,
Reſiſtleſs and charming, ſhe burſts on the ſight;
From her eyes iſſue rays of voluptuous mirth,
And ſhe catches applauſe, ere the judgment has birth.

Had Helen, who ſet the Greek ſtates in a flame,
Been as lovely in feature, as beauteous in frame;
What man but would combat his legions delighted,
And ruſh upon Death's ebon ſpear unaffrighted;
By deſperate action amaze human wonder,
And laugh at old Jove, and the point of his thunder!

To gain one embrace from ſo peerleſs a prize,
And baſk in the ſunſhine that beams from her eyes!
When generous Anthony pin'd and deſir'd,
Egypt's fair queen, with love's paſſion inſpir'd:
Tho' he loſt a baſe world, to give Cupid his due,
Had BILLINGTON ſung, he'd have ſtaid and loſt two.
Were Anacreon living, to brighten theſe days,
He'd weave her high name in his amorous lays;
And Latian minſtrels her gifts would rehearſe,
In all the rich ſplendor of claſſical verſe;
Her lips red as coral, ſoft, pulpy, and ſweet,
For Love's warm embraces, in ſilence, intreat;
Like the fruit of the vintage, decreed for our uſe,
They promiſe, on preſſure, an exquiſite juice;
The High Prieſt of Comus gave birth to her wiles,
And Venus corrected her dimples and ſmiles:
Imperial Cupid, the privilege gave,
To look, and to faſcinate, ſmile and enſlave;
He arm'd her fine eye with the envied ability,
To warm the cold boſom of Inſenſibility:
Thus ſhe makes greater numbers their liberties yield,
Than Cæſar ſubdu'd in Pharſalia's field.
As radiant Phœbus, to nymphs ever kind,
With the ſpirit of harmony, blended her mind;
Illumin'd and lovely the chantreſs appears,
If cloath'd with ineffable laughter or tears:
All ranks and degrees, with young zeal croud around her,
As Envy and Infamy toil to confound her:
The ſons of Humanity felt not ſuch glee,
When the regent of Paphos emerg'd from the ſea;
And ſhook from her treſſes the ſlime of the ocean,
And leap'd on the beach, to wake bliſs into motion.

The wandering Zephyrs creep round when ſhe ſings,
To ſteal her beſt notes, with aerial wings;
Then leave the gay nymph, of her powers bereſt,
And flit o'er the Alps, with the elegant theſt;
Where Cecilia deſcends to unburthen the gales,
As kingdom's applaud in Italia's vales;
Inſatiate Attention devours the ſtrains,
And liſtening wretches forget all their pains:
Like the viſits of Peace, to our miſeries kind,
She calms the rough tumults that worry the mind.

But how great the reduction of eminent ſkill,
When the graces of Art are o'erthrown by the will!
Should Pride follow Worth, in a conſtant gradation?
Should Caprice be the offspring of high Reputation?
Ah! no; let the mind that conceives ſuch perfection,
Subdue the vile folly by open detection;
And by cruſhing that Weakneſs we're born to inherit,
Exalt the ideas of fetter-bound Merit:
Philoſophy ſhrinks when bright Genius, inſpir'd,
Can forfeit by Pride, what by Worth ſhe acquir'd;
Tho' ſhe breathes her ſoft notes with a ſoul-melting thrill,
Poor Nature is loſt in the triumphs of Skill;
She courts Affectation to win us and pleaſe,
And leaves to her mates, artleſs manners and eaſe.
Tho' the chaſte Cognoſcenti approve of her lays,
Yet can partial applauſe equal general praiſe?
To enjoy ſuch a praiſe, ſhe muſt ſtrive to unite,
The ſtrength and minutiæ that give us delight.
The beauties of Senſes with the graces of Art,
And blending their force, ſhe may ſeize ev'ry heart;

Ravage all their receſſes with abſolute ſway,
And meet with no rebel to doubt, but obey.

In the lofty *bravuras* ſhe copies the ſpheres ;
But in madrigal ballads gives pain to our ears ;
Her trills, the ſweet boſom of Senſe never warm,
Tho' her ſportive cantabiles win us, and charm :
With wonderful art, ſhe can marſhal her voice,
And ſelecting her airs, makes a judicious ch oice ;
By fine-ſpun addreſs, gains our plaudits and favour,
And huſbands that little which Providence gave her.
She oft wants the gentle aſſiſtance of Eaſe,
And ſeems more intent to ſurpriſe than to pleaſe :
Tho' the nymph in MANDANE excites admiration,
The wild notes of CATLEY had more inſpiration.
In ſongs fraught by Judgment, her powers are plain,
Tho' her tones are confined, and her ſhakes give us pain ;
Impreſſing her ſtomach, as ſick, ſore or lame,
She drags up the notes from the caves of her frame ;
Opes her mouth like a well, 'till poor Reaſon flies from it,
And doubts if the nymph means to carol or vomit.
She's wrong, ſuch irregular action to truſt in,
The effect may have charms, but the means are diſguſting ;
But ſhe copies the MARA, baſe-born and invidious,
Meritorious and mad, weak, proud, and faſtidious ;
As the bounties of Britain with ſpeed overtake her,
Hear the vocalized ideot blaſpheming her Maker :
When the pit echoes round with *charmante* and *cara*,
She roars with *fierte* ONE GOD and ONE MARA ;
But the TOWN, that vile beaſt, to Abſurdity true,
Loves a monſter of taſte, if the monſter is new ;
And like outrageous Catholics, blind and aggriev'd,
Is never ſo happy, as when its deceiv'd ;

With an awkward demeanour, it fondles and ſtrokes it,
And licks it, and pats it, but never provokes it;
'Till like Hottentot bride-maids, who love a ſtrong flavour,
She ***** on her hoſt, by the way of a favour.

Sweet HARMONY, hail! to our miſeries given,
As parent of Concord, and daughter of Heaven.
The powers of MUSIC were ſent as a bleſſing,
The evils attendant on mortals redreſſing:
Like the converſe of Beauty, for rapture deſign'd,
She purifies, ſoftens, and gladdens the mind;
The burthens of Want imperceptibly ſtealing,
And lightens the dark habitations of feeling.
Aonian maids croud her ſanes in a throng,
Imploring her influence to faſhion their ſong;
With the proud and the petulant, poor, and the vain,
That from life's varied weakneſſes, ſhrink and complain;
Intreating the loan of her wond'rous pow'r,
To wound that deſpondence which fills up their hour.
By her aid the grim furies could Orpheus quell,
And charm his loſt nymph from the torments of hell;
The voice of the minſtrel could Fierceneſs deſtroy,
And Tartarus blaz'd with a gleam of new joy:
Implacable Dis own'd the charms of his lyre,
And Proſerpine waken'd to ſigh and admire.
The chords of ſweet HARMONY baniſh our woe,
And the bounds rais'd by Care, with new pleaſures o'erflow:
It eaſes the ſmart of Affliction's keen rod,
And elevates Senſe to the ſtate of a God:
The tones from her ſhell can all beings refine,
'Till the brute leaps in ſport, and the man feels divine.

Mr.

MR. EDWIN.

See EDWIN come forth with a confident air,
The high prieſt of Momus, and ſpoiler of Care;
The dryneſs of WESTON, and SHUTER's droll whim
By Nature were blended, and center'd in him:
Hark! the theatre rings, as the wight makes his entry,
For ſuch men are not born above once in a cent'ry;
If he errs now and then, and his faults meet detection,
It but proves that the beſt are not heirs of perfection.
To debauch Common Senſe he takes many a ſhape,
But we laugh at the crime as a comical rape.
If at Reaſon's expence he attracts ſome applauſe,
His bluſhes denote he's aſham'd of the cauſe;
If he ſometimes ſhould wound the beſt props of the ſtage,
'Tis to tickle the lungs of a diſſolute age:
But his name is a tower of ſtrength that defies
All the ſtorms that engender in critical ſkies;
For the intereſts of Comedy follow his beck,
And the Haymarket Theatre hangs round his neck.

When he firſt ſhone in MIDAS, the world was amaz'd,
Admiration purſued him, and Excellence gaz'd:
His rival comedians awak'd to explore,
And marvel at graces they ne'er ſaw before.
His Cambrio Sir HUGH is a true comic teſt,
Who, like RICHARD HILL turns his pray'r to a jeſt;
With ditties and puns he holds Thought in detention,
With the magic of Mirth charms the public attention:
With nonſenſe in verſe can elate and delight 'em,
And gives them variety *ad infinitum*:

Burlettas in future when pregnant with whim,
The bard ſhall, with pride, dedicate but to him;
As the God of feſtivity, foe of Deſpair,
The deacon of Joy, and aſſaſſin of Care.

The irregular movements that mark all his trials
To ſing, juſt reſemble the fam'd Seven Dials;
Tho' by various paths the blythe minſtrel will enter,
He trips on to Truth, which is plac'd in the center;
And none feel alarm'd leſt he's out of his way,
As they know where he'll reſt at the end of his lay:
Like the mountains of Mourne, though abrupt and alarming,
Their wild inequalities make them more charming.
Though he ſteers near the wind, in a literal ſenſe,
He ne'er lets the helm touch the rocks of offence:
When Decency's drawing her lineameants down,
His wit charms her will, ere they ſink to a frown.
Philoſophy ſmiles at his well-manner'd joke,
And Wiſdom applauds the exuberant ſtroke:
To the force of his muſcles, and ſtrength of his name,
O'Keefe is in debt for his pence and his fame:
Like chymical liquids creating a pother,
They beautify, ſtrengthen, and brighten each other:
If diminiſh'd apart, when their bodies are blended,
Their value is ſeen, and their virtues are mended;
And a colour's produc'd by the well-temper'd union,
Which deludes while it charms, like the paſte at communion:
Though the cauſe and effect is the courſe of a jeſt,
Our zeal ſpoils the taſte, and our faith does the reſt.—
O'Keefe, matchleſs mortal, that lives to o'erthrow,
The threat'ning pile of each critical foe;
Like the Anthropophagi in each varied ſeaſon,
He fattens and feeds on the bowels of Reaſon:

In terrible ruin ſhe bleeds 'neath his knife,
A prey to his WORKS, and abridg'd of her life;
Down the throats of the public they're ruffian-like cram'd,
For ever upheld, and for evermore damn'd:
Like the wond'rous aſbeſtos his toils we admire,
Whoſe labours ſurmount e'en the critical fire:
As the furnace the foſſil-fraught drapery whitens,
So public contempt his capacity brightens:
But HARRIS's pence keep his follies in tune,
And COLMAN protects the unletter'd buffoon.
He pilfers in cellars the food of his raillery,
And gives the coarſe tune, to the Gods in the Gallery;
Who roaring exhibit their hoarſe approbation,
And ſhield the baſe bard from the ſtings of damnation.
That his pieces are *monſtrouſly droll* I'll admit,
But barren of Incident, Nature, and Wit;
They pleaſe the rude ideots who preſs, in a throng,
To liſt to the tail of an ill-written ſong,
Like a Hottentot chief at the court of St. James,
Or Venetian regatta perform'd on old Thames;
Or a hideous beaſt tempeſt-drove on the ſhore,
Or a claſſical pig, or an infamous whore;
Led on by ſuch ſights the dull million will move,
To view ſomething ſtrange, but not what they approve.
Meritorious Virtue is ſcoff'd and diſcarded,
And halts on her way, like a wretch diſregarded:
Deſcendants of Vice ſully Worth in a libel,
And free-thinking blockheads comment on the bible;
To gamblers and miſcreants my Lord gives his treats,
While Bravery, limbleſs, is kick'd thro' the ſtreets.
None liſt to the prayer of his meek *Date obolum*,
For Vice ſports her guineas, and Citizens gobble 'em:

They view with high ſcorn the poor veteran's fate,
Tho' he tore the proud flag from a Gallic firſt-rate.
Methinks I hear heaven's omnipotent Sire,
With eyes beaming rays of ineffable fire,
In thundering tones thus, their darings ſubdue,
Give the wing to his mandate, and eruſh the foul crew:
"Recede, ye baſe ſlaves, ye incontinent race,
Society's peſt, and Britannia's diſgrace:
When the embers of mercy are lit, ye vile elves,
Can ye aſk that from me, ye deny to yourſelves?
Preſume ye to hope ſuch a caitiff I'll bleſs,
Who ſhuts his broad gates to a patriot's diſtreſs?
Diſgorge all your wealth to the good of the brave;
Go mingle with reptiles, and ſhrink in the grave."

MRS. BATES.

When BATES in the ſpleen, her *fierté* diſpenſes,
Her angry eloquence, jars all the ſenſes;
No delicate ſprings give a force to her ſoul,
Or ſentiment chains keep her rage in controul:
Untutor'd, ungraceful, unbleſt, unrefin'd,
With a ſonorous voice, and a maſculine mind;
Like tempeſt-fraught furies, whoſe tongues never ceaſe,
The ſound of her lay frights the offspring of Peace;
Like Orion in heaven, her ill-omen'd form
Ne'er burſts on the ſcene, but it threatens a ſtorm;
And her tones wound the ear, 'till transfix'd with our wonder,
We all ſcud aghaſt, from the feminine thunder.
Her accents are harſh, ill-conceiv'd, and erroneous;
They're ſometimes explicit, but never harmonious:

With

With a clapper well hung, to aſſiſt a detractreſs,
They ſpoilt a good ſcold when they made her an actreſs.
No gentle ingredients ſeem mix'd with her clay,
For the vixen's in front, be the part what it may:
Her humours are rancid, her lungs are Stentorian,
Her ſoul ſeems perturbed, as winds hyperborean:
Like the Lamia 'mid Hebrews, diſtracted and wild,
She appalls by her ranting, man, woman, and child.

To perſonate women of faſhion ſhe's wrong,
As to her the calm graces did never belong;
'Tis a cariacature of original truth,
Like Age mumbling cruſts, that were deſtin'd for youth.
'Tis an outrage on Eaſe, when ſhe labours to ſmile,
A malevolent grin ſeems the fruit of the ſoil;
For the ſpiteful young congreſs that plays in her eye,
Gives the hard-finiſh'd laugh of her viſage the lie.

Her port ſeems as awkward in high poliſh'd vanity,
As a lawyer who talks of his God and humanity;
Or a modern dramatiſt, who prates about wit,
Or an uncarted bawd, when ſhe quotes holy writ;
Or MACKRETH diſcourſing on ſideboards and glaſſes,
Or STEELE when arranging political aſſes;
MACDONALD haranguing on legal ability,
Or ROLLO enforcing the bliſs of humility;
Or hallow'd WILL PETERS when raving 'bout charity,
Or BOYDELL deſcanting on feaſts and hilarity;
Or BARRY when ſwearing that Fortune a jade is,
Or JOHNNY BURNELL when ſaluting the ladies.

Mr. HENDERSON.

By the faint gleams of light that irradiate yon gloom,
Behold the pale Muſes round Henderson's tomb :
Hark! their wild lamentations annoy the ſtill air,
And their ſhrieks and deſpondence denote their deſpair.
As the fav'rite of Honour, his excellence ſhone,
And to ages unborn ſhall his merits be known;
His eminent name ſhall exiſt undefil'd,
Like Pompey's ſam'd pillar in Africa's wild;
To chear a wide deſart, and ſolace the plains,
And attract Admiration to view its remains,
Its ſplendid proportion, its ſize, and its neatneſs,
And marks of its vaſt ſuper-eminent greatneſs.
It will keep a due ſenſe of ambition alive,
And ſhew to what heights human art may arrive.

In the drama's wide circle he rov'd unconfin'd,
To embelliſh with Truth an original mind;
His compeers from him all their dignity won,
As erratic orbs gather light from the ſun:
When he moved in the firmament, journeying his way,
The ſatellites follow'd, to blaze with his ray.
Can we wonder the ſtage ſhould be dark in theſe days,
When that ſun we lament has withdrawn with thoſe rays?
Now like planets unlit in their orderly race,
They wander at will into infinite ſpace;
Attempt thro' the regions of Science to ſoar,
When their brains are unhing'd, and their chief is no more;
Conjuring Ambition to guide them to Fame;
But the wench plays the jilt, and betrays them to Shame.

Thus

Thus HOLMAN and FARREN, ſo forceful their pride is,
Have labour'd to wield the vaſt club of Alcides;
But fell 'neath the toil with a ſigh and a tear,
And one *ſunk* in BENEDICT, t'other in LEAR.
This chieftain, unbleſt in his voice and his feature,
Like SHERIDAN ſtood, not indebted to Nature;
He pin'd when he knew all the gifts that he wanted,
And his feelings requeſted what Induſtry granted.
Tho' the Piedmonteſe mountains, that talk to the ſkies,
With a lowering brow, human labour defies;
Yet Hannibal ſmil'd at the frowns of the regions,
And cut, thro' their boſom, a path for his legions.

An integral dramatic performance I ween,
Is what never was, nor will ever be ſeen;
Some component particle always is wanting,
To perfect the whole, when the muſe is deſcanting:
If the Actor is good, oft the Poet's erroneous,
Who preſuming is damn'd, like inflated Salmoneus:
When the Author feels all that the Muſe can inſpire,
The Player wants dignity, pathos, or fire:
Thus errors change hands, like gay youth in a dance,
And when Judgment's retreating, the Follies advance.
Thus like ſtrata in mines the materials lay,
And the ore of high value is mingled with clay.

The theatre now like a deſart appears,
And who is amaz'd that the muſes ſhed tears,
Where GARRICK and BARRY have gladden'd their eyes,
For their thought can give birth but to ſadneſs or ſighs?
It ſeems like poor Zama when Fortitude fled,
Or Imperial Rome, when her Cæſar lay dead.

To compare what once was, with the things that now are,
But plunges each ſenſe in the deeps of Deſpair:
Go find me thoſe RICHARDS, OTHELLOS and PIERRES,
The BENEDICTS, CATOS, CASTALIOS, and LEARS!
Who once gave, like Hope, univerſal delight,
And crept to the heart thro' the medium of ſight;
—But the ſearch would be vain, we muſt keep what we have;
As entomb'd with our fathers they ſleep in the grave:
Tho' our modern young Scions oft make an aſſumption,
The Gods have but marr'd them with pride and preſumption.
See GRIST, CLINCH, and BANNISTER, DIMOND, and FARREN,
And others who ſport in the dramatic warren;
Tho' they all were enlighten'd at *Roſcius'* fam'd ſchool,
And taught by one maſter, they all ſlight his rule:
Like the wandering Amphiſcii, whoſe ſingular ſtate,
Make ſceptics to queſtion the wiſdom of Fate;
For tho' warm'd and ſupported by one ſolar blaze,
The ſhades of their bodies fall contrary ways.

MISS WHEELER.

See fidling, advancing, now ſimp'ring, now crying,
This moment in raptures, the next moment ſighing;
Egregious WHEELER, whoſe manners are ſuch,
That her beſt friends forſake her, as Wit flies the Dutch.
I'm poz'd in what claſs of ſtrange beings to blend her,
As her humours and paſſions are known to no gender:
Half Italian, half Engliſh, like food for the belly,
When neck of beef's garniſh'd with boil'd vermicelli:
Too dull in the firſt to amuſe eognoſcenti,
Too unfix'd in the latter, to pleaſe one in twenty.

Thus Deſtiny balanc'd her puny ability,
But denied her pretenſions to worth or utility;
Like Berwick-on-Tweed, that divides two great nations,
But unown'd by them both, tho' they both are relations.

When this tittering nymph trod Hibernia's ſhore,
She was madden'd with praiſe that ſhe ne'er knew before:
Some credulous friend, by exerting his ſway,
Turn'd the keen blaſts of Judgment incautious away;
With JUBAL's ſweet lyre, compar'd her coarſe reed,
Fed, prop'd, and protected the muſical weed;
And by ſtrangling thoſe facts that, if known, had diſgrac'd her,
Thruſt the ideot on Fame, who unwilling embrac'd her;
But 'twas praiſe ill beſtow'd on a reptile ſo humble,
'Twas an act where his honour was ſoil'd by a ſtumble;
'Twas like dreſſing a fool, in defiance of Fate,
Or moaning for miſcreants lying in ſtate;
Like a fête at Bologna, or monkiſh vagary,
When they cloath a mean wench with the robes of Saint Mary.

I hear Reaſon queſtion the ſenſe of the nation,
That gave ſuch an awkward young minx toleration—
But various the arts in this overgrown town,
By which *ſhadows* for *ſubſtance* are ta'en, and go down.
CALEB WHITFORD diſports with his old-faſhion'd joke,
Tho' his ſallies the ſuite of meek Wiſdom provoke;
Pert MORRIS for wit gives us volumes of bawdry,
And ARCHER's call'd beauteous, tho' painted and tawdry.
If PEPPER wants powers to garniſh a plea,
Yet fools can be found that will give him a fee;
The mob weds the dogma, if Faſhion has ſaid it,
And nine tenths of men's virtues they take upon—credit;

Even madmen and driv'lers can compaſs their ends,
If madmen and drivlers are furniſh'd with friends.

MR. FEARON.

Unaccountable FEARON demands my attention,
But defies my beſt powers to mark his dimenſion;
Like the month of November that ſullies the year,
He's aduſt, ſhort, and gloomy, black, foul, and ſevere;
His front, like a fog, brings diſtreſs on the mind,
Unwholeſome, obnoxious, unbleſt and unkind:
His fancy ſeems choak'd with ſaturmine ideas,
To lead him to murders like thoſe of Medea's.
In ſtrong trepidation the Sciences fly
From his loud intonation, and ſcowl of his eye:
When he damns, like a chief of the church inquiſition,
The oath ſeems the child of a dark diſpoſition.—
Yet this is but ſeeming—what being will ſcorn him,
When the duties of Virtue with pleaſure adorn him?
To pleaſe her he roves, like the tenants of Tartary,
And the milk of humanity flows in each artery.

In BELMONT the elder, with rigour impreſt,
He chides his gay ſon, like a butcher well dreſt;
Diſdaining all cuſtoms but thoſe of his ſires,
Makes the manners of kings bend to meet his deſires;
With a ſinewy arm lays Morality's laſh on,
And ne'er ſeems ſo happy as—when in a paſſion.

In ZADAN, the captive, his ſkill bears the teſt,
For his part tho' reſtricted, eclipſes the reſt;

If

If he made but few efforts, thoſe efforts were good,
As they warm'd and promoted the courſe of the blood;
Till the ſtreams of benevolence quicken'd to flow,
And the frame trembled round with a concord of woe;
Till the ice-temper'd chains of the heart 'gan to melt,
And the tears of rude nature prov'd ſavages felt.

MRS. INCHBALD.

To mangle poor Decency's breathleſs remains,
To rob gentle Reaſon of all her domains;
To give the laſt blow to expiring Propriety,
To feed a baſe town with ſtill baſer variety.
See delicate INCHBALD aſſume the foul quill;
And ſatirize Wiſdom, by pleaſing her will!
Tho' unſkill'd in the true fabrication of tenſes,
She tickles our weakneſs, and talks to the ſenſes;
For Venus is tittering, and Priapus ſmiles,
As the queen of Voluptuouſneſs Nature beguiles;
She canters her ſteed thro' Parnaſſian lanes,
Till the blood from her heart has half madden'd her brains;
Then ſeizing the ſtandiſh, writes quaint and uncommon,
As the rake mounts aloft on—the dregs of the woman.
Conceits as impure have flow'd from her pen,
As damn'd Aretine, or laſcivious Behn:
A truant to Modeſty, wild without rule,
She roams after Folly, and raves in her ſchool;
Guts novels for ſentiment, plot, pun, and diction,
And looks to the cieling for objects of fiction:
Contemptuouſly treating the feminine duties,
Her breaſt lacks the cambric to cover its beauties.

With the pages of Sappho her cranium ſhe dreſſes,
While her ſmock goes unwaſh'd, and abandon'd her treſſes.
If ſhe caught approbation, ſhe car'd not a jot,
If the plaudits deriv'd from a ſcholar or ſot;
The cauſe ſhe imagin'd was blanch'd by the end,
And to flatter an ideot, neglected—a friend.
Thus her mind, like clear amber, condens'd by ſtagnation,
Exhibits the dirt it imbib'd in formation:
But the veſt of her muſe, tho' attractive, is tawdry,
Befring'd with queer phraſes, and chequer'd with bawdry!

To effect the ſublime, by an artifice new,
And bring all its majeſty forward to view,
She purloin'd the ſtool on which KEMBLE had writ,—
The choiceſt morceaus of his Jeſuit wit;
A ſtool far more bleſt than the harps of old Snowden,
Or the tripod of Delphos, or goblet of Woden.
Uprais'd on its boſom that ſimpering child,
Self-complacent engender'd young grins that half ſmil'd;
And penn'd wond'rous odes, and aſtoniſhing lays,
As have pos'd all diſcernment, and beggar'd all praiſe.
Ere he firſt learn'd to *ſwindle* the town of its ſenſes,
And get vaſt douceurs by *illicit pretences*;
Ere his naſonic ſiſter, by dramatic treaſon,
Poor ERSKINE had bled of his coin and his reaſon;
But when clos'd in Douay's ſacred cells, the meek youth,
Receiv'd the beheſt of all bleſſings—but Truth.
High-mounted on that the fair ſcribbler ſits,
To watch as her pulſes give ſtrength to her wits;
Like the Pythian prieſteſs, ſhe feels new ſenſations,
That mount from her ſeat in divine exhalations:

Then

Then ſhe laughs, cries and blots, plunges, ponders and writes,
Faints, ſcreams and looks wild, reconceives and indites;
As KEMBLE adminiſters *truth* to the ſinner,
'Till his eye-balls grow dim, and the *god* ſtirs within her:
Hence her myriads ſhe ſpawns like a lobſter prolific,
And the monſters crawl forth with a mien ſcientific.
Hence HOWARD and all the meek works of his will,
Have been haſh'd into ſauce, to bring griſt to her mill;
Who painting the hero egregiouſly good,
Made a farce of his being, and fever'd his blood:
Hence his worth has been ſquar'd by a catholic rule,
'Till the wanderer ſeems like an o'er righteous fool.
Hence he prates of his faith on a public ſtage,
'Till Theology pities the puppet-ſhew age;
And laments that ſo high an example to men,
Should be tortur'd and teaz'd by a driveller's pen.

As an Actreſs her claims but diſhonour her ſtation,
And debaſe the attempts of my inveſtigation;
For her ſcribbling rage has extinguiſh'd the player,
And impell'd her to ſlight both her practice and prayer:
Hence her forehead is always with ſlattern impreſt,
And her heroines ſeem drunk, and her ladies half dreſt:
But COWLEY and INCHBALD, examples both recent,
To blaze as mad authors with pride—look indecent.

From the itch to be witty what miſeries flow,
When the toil of the brain but eſtabliſhes woe!
Hence Bedlam's drear jaws have been cramm'd to ſatiety,
Hence maniacs have riſen to frighten Propriety;
Hence orthodox ideots perplex our beſt ſenſes,
Hence PRIESTLEY with pride vague opinions diſpenſes;

But INCHBALD, decreed more abſurd than her neighbours,
With God and the Devil beſprinkles her labours;
Sure the traits of her mind muſt be oddly directed,
When her bawdry deſtroys what her morals effected.

But writing and wiſdom ſet each at defiance,
And journey no longer in peace and alliance:
Thus CUMBERLAND's hag, whom himſelf calls a muſe,
Will the hags of all others decry and abuſe;
But his well-dreſt abortions precedence can find,
By the force of their habits, not ſtrength of the mind;
They pleaſe by their mien, tho' their language is vapoury,
As fools blaze at court by the aid of their drap'ry.
Thus HORACE told CHATTERTON, ſpeaking of ſkill,
When the half-famiſh'd bard rov'd to STRAWBERRY HILL:
" Talk to me, man of genius! why, zounds, 'tis all ſtuff,
" Go write when you're rich, and the thing's well enough:
" Will Genius protect you from Want's fell decree?
" Then leave bleak Parnaſſus to JENYNS and me;
" Tho' I've wrote without genius for full threeſcore years,
" Still my works have repute, and my wig hides my ears;
" It was labour, not genius, that wove every canto
" Of my well printed verſe, and the houſe of Otranto."

Hence INCHBALD's permitted to follow her rage,
And inſult radiant Phœbus, and write for the ſtage;
But FIZGIG protects the incontinent thing,
And FIZGIG can rule us, for FIZGIG's a king.
When the * * * *, and the Muſes no longer can charm her,
The heart of her JOHNNY ſhall ſolace and warm her;
If heat *can* be drawn from the regions of ſnow,
Or the boſom of Zembla it's rigours forego;

The Alps from their ſhoulders ſhake off their cold drap'ry,
Or Tivoli's plains become humid and vapoury;
If HAWKINS can alter the ſoul's hideous feature,
And treading on Arrogance cheriſh Good-nature;
If fools can be humble, or ſtateſmen ſincere,
Or lawyers be honeſt, or POPE lack a tear:
If the half-limb'd aſſaſſin (like high-blooded PERCY),
Who ſmote gentle PIGOT, is mark'd for his mercy;
If the KING ev'ry politic knave can decry,
Or the HIGH PRIEST OF LINCOLN can bluſh at—A LIE.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

See myrtle-crown'd JOHNSTONE advancing between us,
Like the rover of Troy, or the minion of Venus;
He's *un homme de bonne fortune*, a ſtrange envied thing,
For which ladies ſacrifice God and their King:
But he carries a charm, to each prejudice ſuited,
Tho' the point where that charm can exiſt, is diſputed.
Like the bee, he flits buzzing from flower to flower,
As Beauty and Fortune acknowledge his power;
Imbibes all their honey, and boaſts of its flavour,
Yet thanks not the gods for ſo kingly a favour;
Who gave him a manly importance and pride,
To ruſh and demand what's to cowards denied;
But artfully knowing the feminine mind,
Calls the damſel who heſitates, weak and unkind;
And ſpares her the trouble, with excellent ſkill,
To reproach him for making her—follow her will.
Thus inebriate he quaffs the voluptuous cup,
And aſking new pleaſures—new pleaſures riſe up;
Till, fainting and ſated, he quits the gay feaſt,
Tho' Beauty implores him to ſtay and be bleſt;

But fatigu'd, he rejects her ſweet prayer and pretences,
For Extaſy's beggar'd with feeding his ſenſes:
To pleaſe and be pleas'd make up all his employment,
The cauſe and the end of his being's—enjoyment;
'Mid the fair and the beauteous his handkerchief flies,
And the fair and the beauteous contend for the prize;
'Till glutted from Love's varied banquet he riſes,
And like *Louis Quatorze* even dainties deſpiſes.

When this muſical Anthony's paſſions confound him,
Renown'd Cleopatras in myriads ſurround him,
Till he elevates one from the ſuppliant croud,
Who rais'd and diſtinguiſh'd, looks haughty and proud,
As the reſt in deſpair ſhake their heads and retire,
And ſome fall by *Vipers*, and others—by *Fire*.
Created to faſcinate virgins by dozens,
With a well-faſhion'd ſmile he deludes and he cozens;
The penſive half-penitent daughter of Ill,
Who aſk'd with her eyes that he'd—compaſs her will;
And complain'd that the lamp of Affection ſhould burn
For a ſwain who forſook her with ſcores in their turn:
Tho' ſhe pin'd that the varlet neglected to woo her,
Grows fond as at firſt, when Caprice led him to her.
New gilds the ſad cauſe, made Inconſtancy hate her,
And tho' ſtung by the treaſon, returns to the traitor.

'Cauſe Fortune and Fate have peculiarly bleſt him,
The coxcombs decry, and the men all deteſt him,
And ſtirring the atoms of Envy's foul dregs,
Aſſail his proportions, and ſneer at his *legs;*
But an *Iriſhman's leg* is not priz'd for its quickneſs,
But its ſtrength and its vigour, its nerve, and its thickneſs:

If it holds the frame firmly, the man wins the day,
For the owners ne'er uſe them—in running away.

Look round 'mid his compeers, the man bears the bell,
Tho' he feels not too much, yet there's none feel ſo well;
Amid all his failings this ſure is the oddeſt,
That he *ſeems* in all characters ſomewhat—too modeſt;
Reſts his head on his cheſt, like a bawd at a burial,
And looks grave as the guard at the Spaniſh Eſcurial;
Or a half-witted judge, when our follies reviling,
Tho' his heart and his will are inceſſantly ſmiling,
Draws his muſcles in order, and bridling his fury,
Looks juſt like a culprit when ey'd by his jury;
Then touches his forehead, to wipe off the dew
Of an ideal ſhame, that his front never knew.

Like the mermaid, whoſe figure's in ſtory decided,
His frame and his melody both are divided;
The upper diviſion of each is harmonious,
The lower diſcordant, ill-form'd, and erroneous;
They claſh and contend like two prieſts for a mitre,
And diſcolour each other like copper and nitre.
His voice was by Nature ſo widely biſected,
It ne'er can be rightly by Judgment directed;
For wanting an agent, its beauties to tiſſue,
They teaze the poſſeſſor, but cannot join iſſue:
It conſiſts of contraries, like punch but half made,
Or Rembrandt's deſigns of abrupt light and ſhade:
Like an ill-manag'd concert, without any fiddle,
Or Nobody's perſon, that lacks all his middle;
If they ſport with each other, the junction is ill,
Their bodies may meet, but they meet without will:

Like the kiſs of Antipathies, urg'd by—*you muſt*,
Their embrace but expoſes a mutual diſguſt;
Like a Jew or a Bramin with FATHER O'LEARY,
Or Gog in a dance with the Corſican fairy:
'Tis an excellent mixture of whiſkey and ſack,
One half RUBINELLI, the reſt—PADDY WHACK.
But his labours Propriety ever will pleaſe,
Attemper'd by Harmony, Spirit, and Eaſe.
The conſonant R clogs the force of the note,
And ſtruggles to ruſh from the cells of his throat;
It mars that ſoft grace, which to ſound ſhould belong,
Reduces his worth, and debauches his ſong:
His cadence is hurt by its baſe intervention,
And the toil to elude it takes half his attention:
Tho' the bur of IERNE he combats to ſoften,
He makes his cantabiles long, and too often;
With ſerious demeanour attends to the band,
And ſinks into D with a wave of the hand.
As a ſweetly-ton'd lute he corrects his *falſetto*,
Which charms like the elegant ſkill of *Cervetto*;
With vocal meand'rings it ſports like a fawn,
In ſerpentine ſtrains, or a lark at the dawn.

Yet where ſhall we find, in theſe diſſonant days,
An opera chief that deſerves ſo much praiſe?
If he anſwers not every purpoſe of merit,
If view'd in all points, he has taſte, truth, and ſpirit.
If we meaſure his worth by comparative rule,
His claims are gigantic, and ſhame the whole ſchool:
As his fellow diſciples, tho' poiſon'd with vanity,
Have nothing humane, ſave the huſk of humanity.
Then let FIZGIG beware, when diſpenſing his favours,
How he parts with this regent of crotchets and quavers.

Take

Take the man's *tout enſemble*, voice, mein, and exterior,
'Tis a thouſand to one if he meets—his ſuperior.
He has one great advantage, 'mid ſingers moſt rare,
For in AIMWORTH the nobleman buries the play'r;
His perſon is dignified, graceful, commanding,
And his eyes ſhew the traits of a good underſtanding.

MRS. BANNISTER.

See, placid and mild, gentle BANNISTER moves,
Encircl'd and fann'd by the Graces and Loves!
Diſcreetly, tho' trembling, ſhe met high Ambition,
Uninjur'd in fame by a ſtrong competition;
She ne'er drew applauſe by incontinent rudeneſs,
And boaſted few charms but—ſuperior goodneſs.
Celeſtial Decency led her along,
Corrected her manners, and ſweeten'd her ſong:
In artleſs ROSINA ſhe fed young deſires,
And won every boſom as well as the 'SQUIRE's;
She equall'd our wiſhes in lovely ROSETTA,
And oft prov'd the pilot that ſav'd a burletta.
She touch'd Paſſion's chord in the love-ſtricken POLLY,
And tinted the part with a faint melancholy:
With plaintive delight taught her numbers to flow,
As the ſkill of ſoft Harmony mellow'd her woe.
Her trills were the pureſt that e'er met the ear,
Melodious, audible, charming, and clear.
Her habits with paſtoral maids claim'd affinity,
And lent poliſh'd graces to rural virginity:
Tho' ſhe blazon'd to gladden an infamous age,
Conſpicuouſly great, and allied to the ſtage;
The white veil of Chaſtity hung round her action,
And damp'd the approaches of Vice and Detraction;

Like

Like the prieſt of Marſeilles, by the Virtues protected,
She paſs'd thro' the ranks of Diſeaſe uninfected;
For Heaven's own agents, to excellence kind,
Preſerv'd from contagion the health of her mind.

Reſtrain'd from Pollution by moral belief,
Too virtuous to hope any bliſs from its CHIEF
She quitted the STAGE, to fulfil her deſire,
And trim Friendſhip's lamp round her family fire:
To the duties of ſocial life ſhe's retir'd,
Who, private or public, is prais'd and admir'd;
Who gladly proportions her will to her need,
And to bleſs and be bleſt makes the whole of her creed:
Thanks the gods that her meaſure of joy is complete,
As the tumults of life ly in chains at her feet.

Hail nuptial felicity! rapturous ſtation!
That forms the beſt prop in the ſtrength of a nation.
Bleſt ſource, from whence every happineſs flows,
That ſubjugates paſſion, or conquers our woes!
The connubial twain, whom ſweet Virtue impreſſes,
Can draw forth the arrow from human diſtreſſes;
Their mutual ſtriſe is to baniſh deſpair,
And hide the ſhorn heart from the preſſure of Care;
Like the dreams of an angel, to tranſport reſign'd,
The finger of Peace ſmoothes the ſprings of the mind.
As the kindred tie of ſoft Sympathy moves,
And the organs are tun'd by confederate loves:
A commerce empyreal the ſenſes unite,
To barter for bliſſes, and feed on delight;
'Till the mind's ſo high charg'd, it can treaſure no more,
But, fill'd with the balm of enjoyment, runs o'er.

From ſo hallow'd a ſtate can weak nymphs have revolted?
Can the daughters of Guilt boaſt a joy ſo exalted,
When a beauteous offspring, ſurrounding their knees,
Look up with ineffable wiſhes to pleaſe;
In envious rivalry anxious to ſhare
The teſt of their kindneſs, and force of their prayer;
To catch every accent that falls from the tongue,
And echo the ſong that their parents had ſung?
With reciprocal bleſſings they cheat the ſad hours,
Awaking the ſlumbers of infantine powers;
Correct the ideas that riſe in gradation,
And hail innate worth in a young generation;
Explore all the objects that Wiſdom has ſought,
And poliſh with care the fine traces of thought;
Guard the void when their earlieſt pleaſantries ceaſe,
Then point out the rocks that have wreck'd human peace;
Impreſs their white minds with examples of worth,
And prune the weak thought, ere their knowledge has birth!
On exertions like theſe e'en the gods look with pleaſure,
If their cup lacks a joy, Virtue fills up the meaſure:
Thus Art turns the ſtream with a liberal hand,
To ſtrengthen the ſapling, and nouriſh the land.

As gladſome they journey down life's ſteep declivity,
Their toils ſhall be weaken'd by Mirth and Feſtivity;
Young cherubs preſs forward to hail and adore 'em,
And the beauties of Paradiſe open before them:
Led onward to Heaven by calm Reſignation,
They'll wonder and pant on the brink of creation:
Then monarchs might envy their beatify'd lot,
As the world and its vanities all are forgot.

There angels ſhall fix the laſt ſeal to fatality,
And wrap the fond twain into bright immortality.

May the miſcreant, who toils with apocryphal art,
To drive by his wiles gentle Peace from the heart;
Debaſing his nature by lies and traduction,
And all the foul arts of deteſted ſeduction.
(Like the reptile that poiſon'd the organs of Eve,
Who abandon'd to ruin, but ſung to deceive);
Evince all thoſe torments that Heaven has deign'd,
To viſit the wretch who his mandates prophan'd.
May the ills of Pandora in concert ſurround him,
And the moans of the damn'd iſſue forth to confound him:
May he ever reflect, and eternally weep;
May the demons of Thought break the bands of his ſleep;
May the agents of Horror his ſenſes enſlave,
And his ſhrieks of Remorſe only ceaſe in the grave.
When he mould'ring decays, as humanity muſt,
And hell drags his being to ſully the duſt,
May the unction that's meant as a ſacred ablution,
Be chang'd by his God to the paſs of pollution.

LEONI.

Neglected, appall'd, ſickly, poor, and decay'd,
See LEONI retiring in life's humble ſhade;
To imprecate evil on that baneful head,
Who views his deſpondence, denying him bread.
'Tis but few little years ſince the charms of his voice
Made theatres echo, and thouſands rejoice;
When the Sock and the Buſkin, depreſs'd and diſmay'd,
From the altars of Muſic call'd Voice to their aid.

And

And by walking approv'd thro' the Theſpian *via*,
Tho' a ſlave of the tribes, prov'd the Drama's Meſſiah;
But, like great SOBIESKI, the ſervice forgot,
The Pole and the Jew knew a ſimilar lot:
The firſt drove the Turk from the gates of Vienna,
The laſt baniſh'd Want, when he woo'd the Duenna.
Great JOHN liv'd abhorr'd by that daſtardly ſtate,
Which his arm and his mind ſav'd from angry Fate;
But the infamous LEOPOLD laugh'd at his ſhame,
And egregious FIZGIG has damn'd his own fame.
The Auſtrian deſpot, and prince of the ſcene,
Were equally cowardly, worthleſs, and mean;
Indeterminate, grov'ling, baſe, and abſurd,
They both pledg'd their honour, and both broke their word;
But the ſoul of a ſcoundrel's the ſame ſullied thing,
In the head of an ideot, or breaſt of a king.

When his talents ſeduc'd his meek ſoul into life,
And plac'd him to meet public pleaſure and ſtrife,
Like an owl in the ſunſhine, he met the broad ray,
And winking deplor'd the meridian day.
Unfit for the habits of ſcenic proficiency,
His ſong had ſcarce charms to make up the deficiency.
When caſt, like a bark, down the ſtreams of Deſpair,
A prey to his fortunes, an inmate of Care;
All ſhorn of thoſe honours with which Merit crown'd him,
Bereft of thoſe pence which he once threw around him,
To Abraham's boſom the profligate run,
Imploring relief like the prodigal ſon;
Re-wedding his faith, paid his dues unto Cæſar,
By kiſſing the children of Nebuchadnezzar;

And ate on thoſe acorns with peace and with pride,
Which his ſtomach in happier days had deny'd.
By his wand'rings the circumcis'd minſtrel has found
That the friendſhip of Vice is at beſt but a ſound;
That Temp'rance was ſent as the handmaid of Health;
That the peace of his mind's the moſt excellent wealth;
That Pleaſure and Sin are inveterate foes,
And that Virtue alone can embalm our repoſe.

But FIZGIGS and LEOPOLDS vaunt thro' each day,
To proſtitute every purpoſe of ſway;
But the World rewards Vice with a generous hand,
To exterminate Science and Worth from the land.
See ——— advanc'd by infernal traduction,
As the HERALD of Infamy, Prince of Deſtruction;
Like the ſerpent once ſent as a peſt into Thebes,
To eradicate Virtue, and root up their glebes.
Enthron'd ſee the *reverend ſcoundrel* ſits,
Debaſing mankind as he meaſures their wits.
His views Machevelian, his language pedantic,
With an oſſified heart, and an eye miſcreantic;
His manners repulſive, his mien ſupercilious,
His fancy perturbid, his blood atrabilious;
His mind anti-chriſtian, his reaſon diſputed,
His character fled, and his feelings polluted:
His capacity mean, his morality faded,
His integrity damn'd, and his honour degraded.
No talents had he to illumine the page,
No Athenian points to give wit to his rage.
From Obloquy's fires his pen draws the ſpark,
And his labours, like glow-worms, ſhine beſt—*in the dark.*

Society's

Society's children he bandies and rules,
As the bully of Virtue, and terror of fools;
Like a tyrant he brandiſh'd the menacing rod,
As a truant to good, he abandon'd his God.
While petrified Fear his neceſſities fed,
And Wiſdom appall'd brought the murderer bread;
With a hell-temper'd ſabre, to Ruin conſign'd,
He cut out a path thro' the ranks of mankind.
No ſtate was too high for the reach of his pen,
His intents were to ſtab, and his objects were—men.
If an error was viſible once in the heart,
With ſatanic fury he cauſtic'd the part:
If a lady was beauteous, his toils made her vicious;
If prudent, deceitful—if meek, meretricious.—
No means were too baſe to effect degradation,
For his ends were a bribe, and his labours damnation.
With laughable duels matured each plan,
But ne'er knew the danger to combat—A MAN.
Like a peſtilent leper his pangs never ceaſe,
As the clerical reptile annoys human peace.
His deſperate paſſions had once marr'd his pride,
But the Genius that guards him with zeal turn'd their tide.
She huſh'd the rough ſtorms that diſtracted his breaſt,
And gave him to Cunning, who ſooth'd him to reſt;
And anxious leſt Pity one ray ſhould impart,
With adamant armour encircl'd his heart.
His name, like a terror, ſhall run thro' the nation,
And children ſhall liſp it with young deteſtation.
As ſplendid Corruption had tainted the times,
She held out a BAIT that but ſtrengthen'd its crimes;
Who hail'd the political dragon of power,
And faſhion'd his mind to the vice of the hour.

His oath is a compound of Folly and Fiction,
Like the oath of a ſtateſman, or Monk's benediction.
How many ſad tears has he drawn from meek eyes!
How many have fallen a prey to his lies!
Poor GARRICK alarm'd, in a daſtardly fit,
Op'd the manſion to Scandal he ſhut againſt Wit:
As the veſt of pale Honour the miſcreant tore,
And STRATHMORE and Truth bled at every pore.—

Oh! ſhame to the land that his villanies ſaw!
Whoſe exiſtence reproaches the ſting of the law!
No wheel fraught with torments has writh'd him with pains,
No hungry gibbet's receiv'd his remains;
For the caitiff now ſwims in the vortex of pride,
Who the Decalogue ſcorn'd, and his Maker defy'd:
But Peace ſhall ne'er enter the miſcreant's door,
To mix with his horſes, his dogs, and his whore.
As livery'd ſlaves on his eminence wait,
And Inſolence drives famiſh'd Worth from his gate.

Nay, ſtart not, ye aggregate tribes that peruſe
A portrait ſo foul from a well-manner'd muſe;
Nor marvel that you ſuch antipathy ſee,
For the tyrant to Virtue's—a tyrant to me;
To pleaſe her I'll wander thro' Scythian ſnows,
To right her with tranſport my being I'd cloſe!
Go ſhew me the den where a ſcoundrel's confin'd,
I'll ſtrike his black heart, and unnerve his baſe mind:
It boots not with me if his infamous darings
Are hid by a ſtar, or armorial bearings;

I'll goad him thro' life with the rod of Correction,
'Till his ſkull-pendant locks ſhall turn grey with Reflexion;
From the arm of a Titan I'd tear him elate,
Tho' guarded by all the artillery of Fate;
If I quit him, may Peace and my penitence ſever,
And the ſmiles of Omnipotence leave me for ever.

MR. FARREN.

By much the moſt ardent among the aſſuming,
By much moſt preſumptuous amid the preſuming;
Hear FARREN affright every muſe from her ſtation,
By unqualified rant, and extreme intonation:
MELPOMENE ſhrinks from his heroes and LEARS,
And THALIA debaſes her ſmiles into ſneers:
But why ſhould he walk in the dramatic van,
Who exhibits at beſt, but the ſign of a man?
No min'ſtry of Art ſeem to lodge in his ſcull,
That's inflexibly turgid, and rigidly dull.
By what wond'rous means has he brighten'd his name,
How the deuce has he mix'd with the followers of Fame?
On the baſis of puffs the falſe pile was erected,
But its durable ſtate has been often ſuſpected.
His glory, like poor CAGLIOSTRO's, is built
On the ſlippery threſhold of indirect guilt:
Not like old Eroſtatus for burning a fane,
Tho' crimes leſs enormous have made the man vain!
Traducing WILL SHAKESPEARE, and mouthing heroics,
In ſuch a damn'd ſtyle as would anger the Stoics:
Like Epiminedes the Poet of Crete,
Stupidity binds both his hands and his feet.

When

When ſtage ſtruck he murder'd poor Hamlet the prince,
Tho' 'tis many a year, he has ſlept—ever ſince:
If apparent he reaſons, the thing does but ſeem,
For the man is entranc'd, and declaims in a dream;
Hung round with inaptitudes formal and lazy,
Automatical, heavy, dull, ſombrous, and ~~lazy~~;
The huſk of vulgarity dims every feature,
Defeats his exertions, and ſullies his nature.

'Tis ſaid that when Thiſbe firſt whiſper'd her pain,
By the pale lamp of night on Babylon's plains:
By the Deſtinies barr'd from a love-fraught embrace,
The nymph ſung her grief to a wall on the place.
Thus BRUNTON is fated to generate ſpleen,
When FARREN and ſhe fill the void of the ſcene.
With a geſture of woe, and a high-paſſion'd tone,
She pours out her plaints to a well-ſculptur'd ſtone:
A maſs more ignoble than thoſe BACON deals in,
That never was damn'd with—the torment of feeling;
Who brings proud HORATIUS to comic perdition,
And murders the Roman, *ſans* ſhame or contrition.
—Remember poor HANNO of Carthage his fate,
And ponder in thought ere you wiſh to be great;
Go read claſſic lore, and behold how the caſe is,
Leſt the errors of LEAR ſhake you off from your baſis.

END OF THE SECOND PART.